MODESTY BLAISE

by Peter O'Donnell and Jim Holdaway

•TOP TRAITOR 744-873

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TOP TRAITOR
TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, ON THE TERRACE OF MODESTY'S PENT HOUSE
HALLO, WENG... HAVE A GOOD EVENING?
YES THANK YOU, MISS BLAISE— IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WISH?
I'M NOT SURE... THAT LOOKS LIKE MR. GARVIN GETTING OUT OF A CAB—YES, YOU'D BETTER SEE THAT THE SPARE ROOM'S READY
744

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IT'S ME, PRINCESS— SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT I FLEW IN FROM NEW YORK 'ALF-AN-HOUR AGO...
...AND ME CAR WENT ON THE BLINK A FEW MILES OUT ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD— PERISHING PETROL PUMP!
IT'S A LONG WALK HOME TO "The Treadmill", —COME ON UP, WILLIE
WENG'S PUTTING OUT YOUR SPARE GEAR IN THE GUEST-ROOM
745

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SORRY TO DUMP MESELF ON YOU SO LATE, PRINCESS — YOU SURE I'M NOT IN THE WAY?
QUITE SURE, WILLIE... MR. BACH AND I ARE JUST GOOD FRIENDS
FUGUE IN E FLAT, EH? SOME KIDDY, THAT BACH— TALKED PURE MATHEMATICS WITH MUSIC
746
OH, I PICKED UP A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU IN NEW YORK, PRINCESS
I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU NOT TO— BUT I EVEN SOUND UNCONVINCING TO MYSELF!

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY UNWRAPS HER PRESENT
OH, WILLIE LOVE, THANK YOU—IT'S BEAUTIFUL! A DERRINGER... A .47 WILLIAMSON, ISN'T IT? AND WITH CHASED GOLD BUTT-PLATES!
MADE ABOUT 1870—NO GOOD TO YOU FOR BUSINESS, OF COURSE
BUT THE MAGAZINES SAY GIRLS NEVER LIKE PRACTICAL PRESENTS—THEY GO FOR SOMETHING SORT OF, YOU KNOW...
EXPENSIVE AND UNIQUE—LIKE AN ANTIQUE GOLD-PLATED DERRINGER
MR. GARVIN'S ROOM IS READY NOW, MISS BLAISE
THANK YOU, WING. YOU GET TO BED NOW—WE'LL BE TURNING IN AS SOON AS WE'VE HAD A NIGHT-CAP
747

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT TWO A.M., ON THE SERVICE STAIRS LEADING TO MODESTY'S KITCHEN...
KITCHEN DOOR...
'ALLO...! SOMEONE ON THE PROWL
AN ALARM BUZZES SOFTLY IN BOTH MODESTY'S BEDROOM AND WILLIE'S
YOU'RE THE GUEST 'ERE, WILLIE BOY—MORE POLITE TO LET MODESTY DEAL WITH THE POOR PERISHER
748

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE PROWLER MOVES SILENTLY THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE LIVING-ROOM...
ONLY ONE MAN...
LIGHT FLOODS THE ROOM
YES?
749

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FRASER!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS BLAISE—YOU WON'T NEED THAT GUN YOU HAVE YOUR HAND ON
SIR GERALD TARRANT'S ASSISTANT
I COULDN'T COME TO SEE YOU OPENLY... I'M BEING WATCHED
HE'S DROPPED THE PRIM AND BUMBLING ACT HE ALWAYS PUTS ON—MUST BE SOMETHING BADLY WRONG!
POUR YOURSELF A DRINK, MR. FRASER—I'LL FETCH WILLIE GARVIN
750

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GET UP, WILLIE — THERE'S TROUBLE
THAT PROWLER?
I GOT THE BUZZ FROM THE ALARM, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BARGE IN —
IT WASN'T A PROWLER, IT WAS TARRANT'S ASSISTANT AND HE LOOKS LIKE BAD NEWS
TWO MINUTES LATER
SIR GERALD HAS DISAPPEARED ...HE WENT MISSING THREE DAYS AGO — IT'S BEING KEPT HUSHED-UP OF COURSE
751

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SIR GERALD WENT ABROAD ON A SHORT HOLIDAY... AND DISAPPEARED
AT FIRST IT WAS THOUGHT HE'D BEEN KIDNAPPED... BUT NOW THINGS LOOK FAR WORSE THAN THAT
WORSE?
YES — THE GOVERNMENT ARE CONVINCED THAT HE HAS DEFECTED TO THE EAST
TARRANT? THEY MUST BE STONE BONKERS!
NO... THEY HAVE EVERY REASON TO BE CONVINCED!
752

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU KNOW THE INTELLIGENCE GAME, MISS BLAISE... IT'S A CLOSED WORLD OF ITS OWN. WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... TOP MEN HAVE SWITCHED SIDES BEFORE
OTTO JOHN WENT OVER... BIGORRE, IN FRANCE, DOUBLED FOR THE O.A.S... AT HOME, KIM PHILBY WAS ONCE IN LINE FOR HIGH OFFICE... DALBY WAS IN CHARGE OF A DEPARTMENT
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN...
BUT NOT TO ANYBODY, AND WE'RE TALKING ABOUT TARRANT — WHAT EVIDENCE IS THERE THAT HE'S DEFECTED?
753

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SIR GERALD WASN'T SUSPECTED WHEN HE FIRST WENT MISSING — BUT THEN IT WAS FOUND THAT THE ACORN FILE WAS ALSO MISSING
WHAT'S THAT?
A CONSOLIDATED LIST OF ALL OUR PEOPLE WORKING EAST OF BERLIN, PLUS THEIR INDIVIDUAL SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION
MY GOD...
YES... WE'VE HAD PANIC CHECK-UPS OVER THE PAST THREE DAYS, AND THERE'S ANY AMOUNT OF EVIDENCE THAT SIR GERALD PLANNED HIS OWN DISAPPEARANCE
754

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AH, LOOK—IT'S CRAZY, PRINCESS! SIR G. COULDN'T BE A RUDDY DOUBLE-AGENT! THIS BLOKE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER IF ANYONE DOES—!
JUST A MINUTE, WILLIE
YOU'RE VERY TIRED, MR. FRASER, AND I DON'T THINK YOU WANT THAT DRINK— WOULD YOU PREFER COFFEE?
THANK YOU, I'D BE VERY GRATEFUL...
COME THROUGH— WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE TIME
AFTER YOU
755

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BOULTER'S OUTFIT WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF CHECKING SIR GERALD'S MOVEMENTS...
THEY FOUND HE'D MADE A SERIES OF COMPLEX TRAVEL-BOOKINGS, TO COVER HIS TRAIL, PRESUMABLY... THE LEASE OF HIS FLAT HAD BEEN SOLD... INVESTMENTS REALISED... CURRENCY TRANSFERRED ILLEGALLY
EVERY LINE OF INQUIRY POINTED TO SIR GERALD BEING A DEFECTOR—
MR. FRASER... DETAILS DON'T MATTER. ALL I WANT NOW IS THE ANSWER TO ONE SIMPLE QUESTION
756

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WITH ALL THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE, MR. FRASER, DO YOU BELIEVE SIR GERALD TARRANT IS A TRAITOR?
YOU KNOW... I WORKED FOR HIM AS AN AGENT IN THE FIELD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS...
...UNTIL HE BROUGHT ME HOME AND PUT ME BEHIND A DESK, WHERE I'VE WORKED RIGHT BESIDE HIM FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS— I THINK I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN ANY MAN
SO I'M NOT OFFERING AN OPINION, MISS BLAISE— I'M TELLING YOU HE'S BEEN FRAMED
IF YOU THOUGHT ANYTHING ELSE, YOU WOULDN'T BE AMONG FRIENDS, MR. FRASER
757

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I CAN'T HELP SIR GERALD... AS A TARRANT MAN I'M BEING WATCHED MYSELF— YOU'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE I COULD TURN TO
YOU SURE YOU DITCHED ANY SHADOWS BEFORE YOU CAME 'ERE, MATEY?
THERE WERE ONLY TWO, WILLIE ...AND I WAS PLAYING THIS GAME BEFORE THEY STARTED SHAVING
THE EVIDENCE WAS RIGGED ...FORGERY, INTERCEPTION OF MAIL, TELEPHONE IMPERSONATION, A LITTLE BRIBERY— ALL ROUTINE WORK
BUT WHOEVER STOLE THAT FILE WAS RIGHT INSIDE YOUR OUTFIT, MR. FRASER...
758

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHO HAD ACCESS TO THE ACORN FILE?
APART FROM TARRANT AND MYSELF, ONLY TWO MEN HAD ACCESS TO THE SAFE — SEFTON AND RANSHAW
BOTH HAVE BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS, AND BOTH ARE SECTION HEADS — BUT I KNOW OUR INTERNAL SECURITY SYSTEM AND I CAN ASSURE YOU OF ONE THING, MISS BLAISE...
ONE OF THE FOUR OF US MUST BE A DOUBLE AGENT
ONE OF THE TWO...
COFFEE'S READY
759

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MORNING, AT MODESTY'S PENT-HOUSE...
PRINCESS...?
YES, WILLIE — ARE YOU UP?
SURE... I'VE BEEN TRYING TO THINK 'OW WE CAN GET A LINE ON POOR OL' SIR G...
D'YOU RECKON THEY'VE SIGNED 'IM OFF?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I DO KNOW HOW WE CAN FIND OUT WHETHER SEFTON OR RANSHAW IS THE DOUBLE-AGENT — TELL WENG WE'LL HAVE BREAKFAST IN FIVE MINUTES
760

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILL YOU BE STAYING FOR LUNCH, MR. GARVIN?
I DOUBT IT, WENG...
I THINK MISS BLAISE AND I MIGHT BE AWAY FOR A BIT
AH... THEN I WILL CHECK HER EQUIPMENT
YOU DO THAT, WENG — NICE AND CAREFUL, LIKE I SHOWED YOU
761

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE, I WANT YOU TO SPEND TODAY GETTING A LINE ON SEFTON AND RANSHAW
WHAT SORT OF LINE, PRINCESS?
WELL... TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU'RE GOING TO SNATCH ONE OF THEM AND I'M GOING TO SNATCH THE OTHER... THAT SORT OF LINE
RIGHT — THAT'LL KEEP ME BUSY TODAY... WHAT'LL YOU BE DOING YOURSELF?
GOING TO THE THEATRE
762

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MICHAEL YORK... THAT MAD ACTOR FRIEND OF YOURS, WILLIE, WHO'S BEEN SKY-DIVING WITH US A FEW TIMES — HE KNOWS OUR BACKGROUND, DOESN'T HE?
M'MM... BUT MIKE NEVER ASKS QUESTIONS AND NEVER TALKS — I MEAN NOT ABOUT US
DO YOU THINK I COULD PERSUADE HIM TO DO SOMETHING ILLEGAL FOR US?
PRINCESS... YOU MUST 'AVE GOT THE GENERAL IDEA THAT YOU FASCINATE MIKE — I RECKON 'E'LL JUMP AT IT
GOOD... WE'LL NEED HIM TOMORROW NIGHT
763

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
REHEARSAL AT 'The New Sphere' THEATRE
...BUT TILL I COME AGAIN, NO BED SHALL E'ER BE GUILTY OF MY STAY, NO REST BE INTERPOSER 'TWIXT US TWAIN
ALL RIGHT, MIKE, THANK YOU BOYS AND GIRLS — WE'LL BREAK FOR LUNCH
BACK AT TWO SHARP, PLEASE!
WELL SAID, MY LORD BASSANIO
MODESTY! SUPREMELY EDIBLE CREATURE... WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SURPRISE!
764

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COULD WE HAVE SANDWICHES AND COFFEE IN YOUR DRESSING-ROOM, MICHAEL? I'VE GOT AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE
YOU MUST LUNCH WITH ME — I THRIVE ON SEEING OTHER MEN TURN GREEN WITH ENVY
DEAR MODESTY — I'VE HAD AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE ABOUT YOU FROM THE FIRST MOMENT WE WERE INTRODUCED BY THAT DELIGHTFUL MATE OF MINE, WILLIE GARVIN
IN MICHAEL YORK'S DRESSING-ROOM
NOW — SIT DOWN, DARLING, AND LET'S COMPARE MOTIVES
I'LL TELL YOU MINE FIRST... I NEED YOUR HELP ON SOMETHING THAT'S SLIGHTLY RISKY AND VERY ILLEGAL
765

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'D LOVE TO DO SOMETHING ILLEGAL FOR YOU, MY SWEET — WHO DO YOU WANT SHOT?
MICHAEL... THIS IS REAL
MICHAEL YORK'S LIGHT-HEARTED MANNER FALLS AWAY...
I SEE...
WELL, I KNOW MORE THAN A LITTLE ABOUT YOU AND WILLIE, ENOUGH TO SAY THIS —
YOU'RE A VERY TRUSTING IDIOT, MICHAEL, BUT A NICE ONE — AND I'M NOT GOING TO USE YOU BLIND. IT'S BETTER IF YOU KNOW THE SCORE
COUNT ME IN — AND I'LL ASK NO QUESTIONS
766

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY BLAISE

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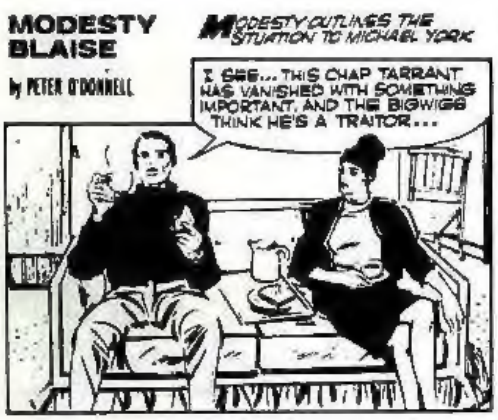
Modesty outlines the situation to Michael York



BUT YOU THINK HE'S BEEN SNATCHED AND THAT HE WAS FRAMED BY THE REAL TRAITOR— ESTHER SUTTON OR RANSHAW?
TAKE THAT AS CERTAIN... WILL YOU HELP?

I'LL BE GLAD TO—AND DON'T WORRY THAT I'LL EVER TALK, MODESTY
I'M SURE OF THAT... NOW GIVE ME A CIGARETTE AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO
768

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Modesty explains her plan

ONLY IF YOU START YOUNG AND PRACTISE REGULARLY— WILL YOU BE AT THE COTTAGE BY TEN TONIGHT? WE'LL BE ALONE LATER
IT'S CRAZY— BUT OKAY! I'LL REHEARSE WHILE I'M WAITING

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AH, DAMMIT! IF I EVER ASK YOU TO PARIS NOW, HOW WILL I KNOW IF IT'S FOR SERVICES RENDERED OR FOR MY IRRESISTIBLE CHARM?
IF IT'S YOUR CHARM I'LL CONVINCE YOU SOMEHOW
770

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

EVENING AT MODESTY'S PENT-HOUSE
YOU DID WELL ON SEFTON AND RANSHAW, WILLIE
FRASER GAVE ME MOST OF IT ON A PLATE
BEING TARRANT'S ASSISTANT, 'E KNOWS PLENTY ABOUT 'EM
SEFTON'S A BACHELOR, AND RANSHAW'S MARRIED BUT HIS WIFE AND FAMILY ARE ON HOLIDAY JUST NOW — THAT HELPS A LITTLE
SEFTON IS ON DUTY AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE TILL MIDNIGHT, AND RANSHAW WILL BE AT HIS REGULAR BRIDGE CLUB TILL ELEVEN — WHICH ONE WILL YOU TAKE?
I'M EASY, PRINCESS ...TOSS FOR IT
771

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A DUTY OFFICER'S ROOM IN WHITEHALL — AT MIDNIGHT...
HALLO, RICHARD — ANYTHING TO KEEP ME AWAKE TONIGHT?
NOT UNLESS D-SECTION COMES THROUGH WITH THAT REPORT WE ASKED FOR
IF TARRANT'S ALREADY HANDED OVER The Acorn File, THERE WON'T BE ANY D-SECTION MUCH LONGER
NO, I'M AFRAID NOT... GOODNIGHT, DAVID
RICHARD SEFTON WALKS TO HIS PARKED CAR
772

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

'EVENING, OFFICER
A NICE ONE, SIR
ONE THING ABOUT WORKING AT NIGHT, SIR — AT LEAST YOU CAN PARK YOUR CAR WITH NO TROUBLE
THAT'S TRUE
AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE PARKING METER
YAK-YAK RUDDY YAK! WHY ISN'T 'E BUSY LOOKING FOR VILLAINS?
773

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN A ROAD OFF WHITEHALL... RICHARD SEFTON LIGHTS A CIGARETTE BEFORE DRIVING OFF
A PRECISELY JUDGED ELBOW JAB TO THE NERVE-CENTRE AT THE BACK OF THE NECK
FINE TIME TO 'AVE TO THINK ABOUT FIRE PRECAUTIONS!
774

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SLIP A COUPLE OF ANAESTHETIC NOSE-PLUGS UP 'IS HOOTER TO KEEP 'IM QUIET FOR A BIT...
TWO MINUTES LATER...
WELL THAT'S ONE FOR THE POT ...WONDER 'OW THE PRINCESS IS GETTING ON WITH RANSHAW?
775

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
JAMES RANSHAW RETURNS FROM AN EVENING AT HIS BRIDGE CLUB...
WHO THE HELL'S PARKED IN MY DRIVEWAY?
THE BRASS-NECKED NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE!
AH, AT LEAST THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED— I CAN ROLL THE DAMN THING OUT
776

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS RANSHAW PEERS INTO THE OFFENDING CAR PARKED IN HIS DRIVEWAY...
WHERE'S THE BRAKE ON THIS THING...?
UHH!
THE KONGO RAPS SHARPLY BENEATH RANSHAW'S EAR, AND HE GOES LIMP
777

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT MODESTY'S COTTAGE THREE MILES FROM THE VILLAGE OF BENILDON, IN WILTSHIRE...
YES, MR. YORK. I HAVE PREPARED THE TWO ROOMS EXACTLY AS MISS BLAISE INSTRUCTED
GOOD... WHAT TIME DO YOU EXPECT HER AND MR. GARVIN?
FROM TWO O'CLOCK ONWARDS, SIR
RIGHT, I'LL CHANGE LATER— LET'S TRY ANOTHER REHEARSAL, WONG. BUT FEED ME WITH DIFFERENT LINES THIS TIME... I'VE GOT TO GIVE A STRICTLY AD LIB PERFORMANCE
778

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A LITTLE AFTER TWO IN THE MORNING...

'ALLO, MIKE, THE VERTICAL ONE'S JACK FRASER. TARRANT'S ASSISTANT— I PICKED 'IM UP ON THE WAY

HALLO THERE—LOOK, WHAT ABOUT MODESTY?

SHE'S NOT HERE YET— COULD ANYTHING HAVE GONE WRONG?

IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE, MR. YORK, BUT DON'T WORRY... SHE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY COPE WITH ANY SNAGS

I'LL JUST TUCK THIS ONE UP, THEN DO A BIT OF REHEARSING WITH YOU, MIKE—I'M A SMASHING ACTOR

UH? OH, SURE— THE GREATEST THING SINCE POPEYE

779

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY ARRIVES AT THE COTTAGE— JUST BEFORE THREE A.M.

'MORNING, PRINCESS— 'AVE A BAD RUN DOWN?

FLAT TYRE JUST PAST HURSTBOURNE AND I HAD TO CHANGE THE WHEEL— RANSHAW'S IN THE BACK, WILLIE, BRING HIM IN, WILL YOU?

DARLING, I'VE BEEN *SWEATING* FOR YOU— MUCH TO THE *AMUSEMENT* OF THAT SWINE GARVIN! I DEMAND THAT YOU SEVER ALL CONNECTION WITH HIM FORTHWITH!

STOP FOOLING AND START GETTING INTO THE MOOD, MIKE— YOU'RE ON-STAGE IN HALF-AN-HOUR OR SO

SORRY—JUST TRYING TO WIPE MY FIRST-NIGHT NERVES

780

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MY DIRECTOR'S GOING TO GO *MAD*, OF COURSE!

YOU DON'T OPEN FOR THREE WEEKS, AND IT'LL GROW AGAIN BEFORE THEN

TELL 'IM YOU MET A GIRL CALLED DELILAH

IT WOULDN'T REGISTER— THE DEAR BOY'S NEVER READ ANYTHING BUT SCRIPTS

HOW'S THIS?

STREWTH! YOU LOOK A RIGHT BASKET, MIKE!

781

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

RICHARD SEFTON WAKES FROM A DRUGGED SLEEP TO FIND HIMSELF IN A BARE ROOM WITH A BOARDED WINDOW...

HANDCUFFED ...?

WHO...WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU*? WHAT'S GOING ON?

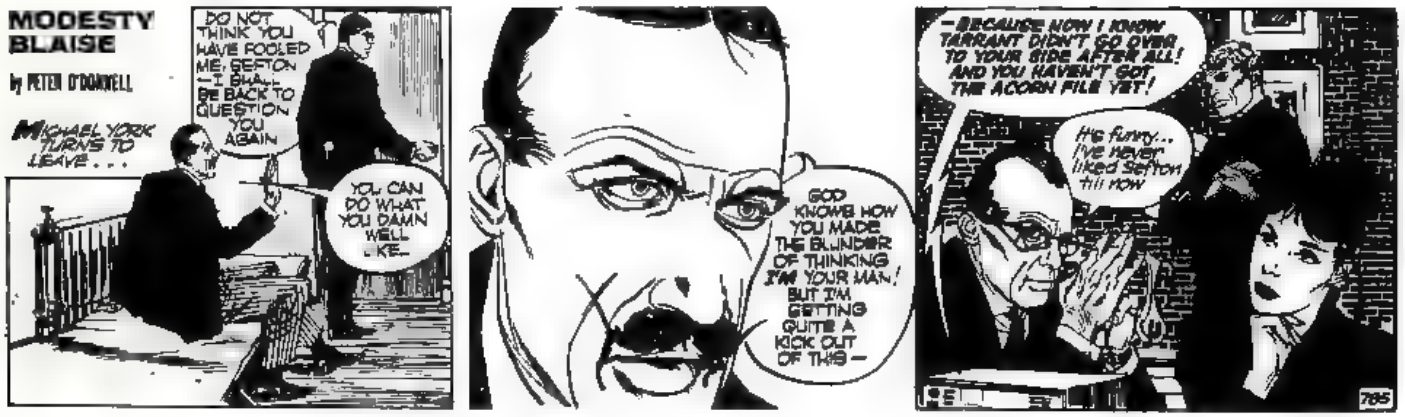
MICHAEL YORK SPEAKS WITH A SLIGHT FOREIGN ACCENT...

I WILL ASK THE QUESTIONS, SEFTON— OUR EMPLOYERS HAVE TAKEN MUCH TROUBLE TO SEND ME HERE FOR THAT PURPOSE

782

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE ACORN FILE— WHY HAVE YOU FAILED TO DELIVER IT IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR INSTRUCTIONS?
ARE YOU CRAZY? I HAVEN'T GOT THE ACORN FILE!
DO NOT TALK LIKE AN IMBECILE, SEFTON— WE KNOW FROM OTHER SOURCES THAT YOU SECURED THE FILE AS ORDERED / I AM SENT BY THOSE WHO GAVE THE ORDERS!
THEY ARE ANGRY, SEFTON, VERY ANGRY AT YOUR FAILURE — WHY HAVE YOU NOT REPORTED VIA THE MESSAGE-DROP?
Lovely... Mike ought to get an Oscar for this!

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YEARS AGO WE INFILTRATED YOU INTO BRITISH INTELLIGENCE FOR JUST SUCH AN OPERATION AS THIS — AND NOW YOU HAVE FUMBLED IT!
OR HAVE YOU GONE OVER TO THEIR SIDE, SEFTON? HAVE YOU?
THERE IS A LONG SILENCE THEN SEFTON'S VOICE COMES OVER THE SPEAKER WITH A HINT OF GRIM HUMOUR . . .
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, YOU STUPID CLOWN — I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ON THEIR SIDE! YOU'VE GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG MAN!


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MICHAEL YORK TURNS TO LEAVE . . .
DO NOT THINK YOU HAVE FOOLED ME, SEFTON — I SHALL BE BACK TO QUESTION YOU AGAIN
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU DAMN WELL LIKE—
GOD KNOWS HOW YOU MADE THE BLUNDER OF THINKING I'M YOUR MAN! BUT I'M GETTING QUITE A KICK OUT OF THIS—
—BECAUSE NOW I KNOW TARRANT DIDN'T GO OVER TO YOUR SIDE AFTER ALL! AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE ACORN FILE YET!
He's funny... I've never liked Sefton this way

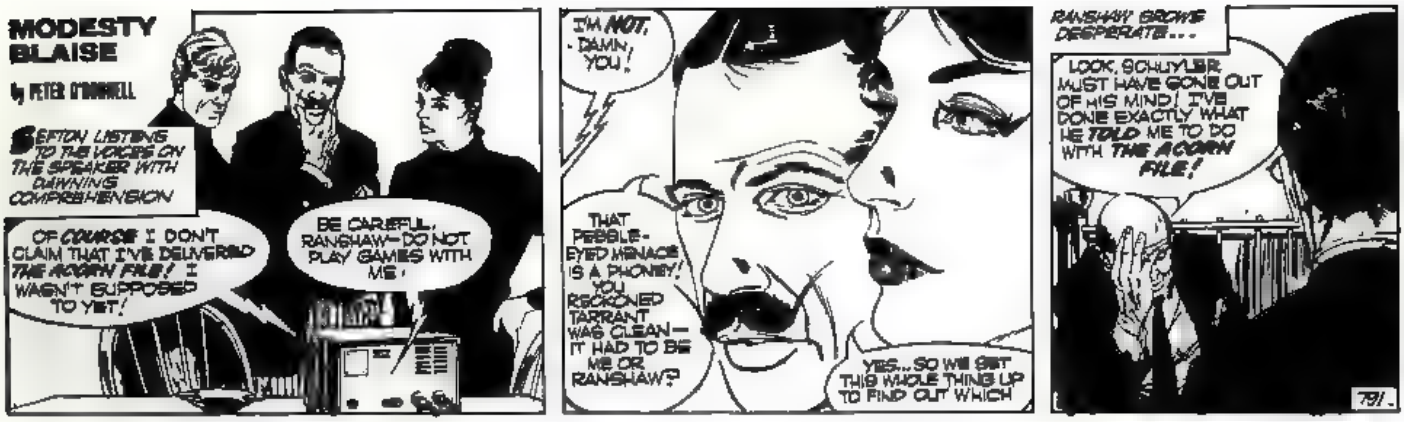
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MICHAEL YORK RETURNS TO THE LIVING ROOM
YOU HEARD IT ALL? WAS I OKAY?
YOU WERE SPLENDID, MIKE
FROM THIS END SEFTON SOUNDED CLEAN — HOW DID HE LOOK?
WELL, IF HE IS THE GUILTY PARTY HE'S A BETTER ACTOR THAN I AM — AND I'D HATE TO THINK THAT!
SHALL WE TRY RANSHAW NOW?
YES, IF HE'S AWAKE — AND MIKE, IF HE STARTS TO BREAK, YOU PLAY FOR TIME SO WE CAN GET SEFTON DOWN HERE

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MICHAEL YORK RESUMES HIS ROLE.
AH, SO YOU ARE AWAKE, RANSHAW
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU?
I WILL ASK THE QUESTIONS, RANSHAW—OUR EMPLOYERS HAVE TAKEN MUCH TROUBLE TO SEND ME OVER HERE FOR THAT PURPOSE
WHAT D'YOU MEAN? WHAT EMPLOYERS?
'E sounds more shaky than surprised...
787

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHERE IS THE ACORN FILE, RANSHAW? IF YOU COULD NOT DELIVER IT, WHY DID YOU NOT REPORT VIA THE MESSAGE-DROP?
MESSAGE-DROP? I'VE NEVER USED A MESSAGE-DROP!
WHAT THE HELL'S GONE WRONG AT YOUR END? SCHUYLER H'IMSELF TOLD ME NOT TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ANYONE! I'VE FOLLOWED ORDERS TO THE LETTER!
I'VE GOT HIM! HE'S THE ONE!
SCHUYLER...
SO IT'S AN INDEPENDENT JOB—NOT OUR EASTERN COLLEAGUES AT WORK
SCHUYLER PAYS BIG MONEY AND LAYS LONG PLANS
788

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FRASER!
IN THE ROOM, HAMISH SEFTON IS HELD...
YES, BUT WE'LL TAKE QUESTIONS LATER—COME AND LISTEN TO SOMETHING, SEFTON...THE SAME ROUTINE YOU JUST WENT THROUGH
GOOD LORD, YOU'RE GARVIN, AREN'T YOU? MODESTY BLAISE'S MAN!
THAT'S RIGHT WE'RE ALL FRIENDS OF TARRANT 'ERE—COME AN' LISTEN TO SOMEONE WHO'S NOT!
IN THE OTHER BARE ROOM, MICHAEL YORK DELAYS HIS QUESTIONS
WHAT MAKES SCHUYLER THINK ANYTHING'S GONE WRONG—?
BE QUIET, RANSHAW—WHEN I ASK A QUESTION YOU WILL GIVE AN ANSWER, AND THAT'S ALL... I DO NOT WANT YOUR VIEWS OR COMMENTS
789

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MY APOLOGIES FOR AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE, MR. SEFTON—I THINK YOU'LL DECIDE THAT IT WAS WORTHWHILE
BUT WHAT—?
SHH! LISTEN.
IF YOU HAVE FOLLOWED SCHUYLER'S ORDERS, WHY SHOULD HE HAVE SENT ME OVER TO INTERROGATE YOU, RANSHAW?
RANSHAW!
IN THE ROOM ABOVE
I DON'T KNOW WHY! I HAVE FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS!
THEN WHY HAS THE ACORN FILE NOT BEEN DELIVERED AS ARRANGED? OR DO YOU CLAIM THAT YOU HAVE DELIVERED IT?
790


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SEFTON LISTENING TO THE VOICES ON THE SPEAKER WITH DAWNING COMPREHENSION
OF COURSE I DON'T CLAIM THAT I'VE DELIVERED THE ACORN FILE! I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO YET!
BE CAREFUL, RANSHAW—DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME!
I'M NOT, DAMN YOU!
THAT PEBBLE-EYED MENACE IS A PHONEY! YOU RECKONED TARRANT WAS CLEAN—IT HAD TO BE ME OR RANSHAW?
YES...SO WE'LL SIFT THIS WHOLE THING UP TO FIND OUT WHICH
RANSHAW GROWS DESPERATE...
LOOK, SCHUYLER MUST HAVE GONE OUT OF HIS MIND! I'VE DONE EXACTLY WHAT HE TOLD ME TO DO WITH THE ACORN FILE!
791

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MICHAEL YORK CONTINUES HIS ROLE AS A HATCHET-MAN SENT TO DEAL WITH RANSHAW
OUR EMPLOYER TELLS ME ONE THING, RANSHAW—AND YOU TELL ME ANOTHER
I DON'T CARE WHAT SCHUYLER TOLD YOU!...
ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE ORDERED ME TO WAIT FOR THE WORD THAT TARRANT HAD BEEN FRAMED AND SNATCHED—
WE'LL GIVE YOU A TAPE OF ALL THIS MR SEFTON
—THEN TO TAKE THE ACORN FILE FROM THE SAFE, LODGE IT IN A SAFE-DEPOSIT—AND LEAVE IT THERE TILL FURTHER ORDERS!
I WILL CHECK THIS, FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH —GIVE ME THE BANK AND THE SAFE-DEPOSIT NUMBER
792

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I HAVEN'T DOUBLE-CROSSED SCHUYLER! HE TOLD ME TO LEAVE THE ACORN FILE IN THE SAFE-DEPOSIT UNTIL THE HEAT WAS OFF
WE SHALL SEE
THE DOOR OPENS...
ALL RIGHT, MIKE, YOU CAN TAKE A FEW DOZEN CURTAIN CALLS NOW—YOU WERE MARVELLOUS
AH! YES, I REALLY WAS RATHER GOOD, WASN'T I DARLING?
SEFTON?... FRASER? OH MY GOD, THIS WAS ALL A PLANT!
RANSHAW STARES AT HIS COLLEAGUES LIKE A MAN WHOSE WORLD HAS COLLAPSED
YES...YOU'VE BLOWN YOURSELF WIDE OPEN, RANSHAW
793

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THIS IS THE SAFE-DEPOSIT NUMBER, DARLING. SO ALL THESE CLOAK-AND-DAGGER CHAPS HAVE TO DO IS GO ALONG AND PICK UP THE ACORN FILE...
...THEN SEND FOR THE FIRING-SQUAD, OR WHATEVER ONE DOES WITH SPIES THESE DAYS
THE NEW GAMBIT IS TO SWOP FOR ONE OF OUR OWN...BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL GET AN OFFER FOR RANSHAW
SO AND BOOK US ON A MORNING FLIGHT TO VIENNA, WILLIE LOVE—CHARTER A PRIVATE PLANE IF YOU HAVE TO
RIGHT, PRINCESS
UH?
794

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I THINK YOU AND SEFTON CAN HANDLE EVERYTHING AT THIS END NOW MR. FRASER
YOU'VE BOWN IT ALL UP FOR US ... I LOOK FORWARD TO GETTING ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS OUT OF BED AS SOON AS WILLIE'S OFF THE PHONE
GOODBYE MIKE... I'LL THANK YOU PROPERLY WHEN I GET BACK
LET'S NOT MAKE IT TOO PROPER— AND WHY ARE YOU RUSHING MADLY OFF, ANYWAY?
TO FIND IF TARRANT'S STILL ALIVE, AND TO BRING HIM BACK F HE IS... AND TO KILL A MAN CALLED SCHUYLER IF HE ISN'T
795

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NECK OUT, MODESTY! TARRANT'S PROBABLY DEAD, OR SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN BY NOW!
MAYBE... BUT I DON'T THINK SO, MIKE
SCHUYLER HAD HIM SNATCHED... AND SCHUYLER IS AN INDEPENDENT OPERATOR WHO RUNS A BIG FREE-LANCE NTELLIGENCE GROUP
I'D SAY HE'S HOLDING TARRANT AND INVITING BIDS FROM THE EASTERN POWERS FOR HIM
SO WE AVEN'T GOT A LOT OF TIME, MIKE BOY— BUT AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND SCHUYLER
796

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A MINISTER'S ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
POOR TARRANT... THEIR INTERROGATORS WILL SQUEEZE HIM DRY... A BAD BUSINESS, THIS
IT COULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD DEAL WORSE, MINISTER
YES, YES, THE ACORN FILE IS SAFE—YOU CAN TELL THIS REMARKABLE MISS BLAISE THAT WE SHALL OVERLOOK THE—AH— ILLEGAL TIES OF HER METHODS, FRASER
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, MINISTER
SHE AND GARVIN FLEW OUT THIS MORNING TO BRING TARRANT BACK F HE'S STILL ALIVE
AND I DOUBT IF THEY'LL OBSERVE ANY LEGAL NICETIES IN THAT MATTER EITHER. THANK GOD!
797

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE VILLAGE OF STORGEN, IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE SAVINSKEN ALPS, A REMOTE AND ALMOST FEUDAL AREA...
EVER MEET SCHUYLER, PRINCESS?
GRAF VON SCHUYLER HERE, WILLIE— HE'S VERY MUCH LORD OF THE MANOR...
NO, I NEVER MET HIM... BUT WE HAD A BIG, DIRTY DOSSIER ON HIM IN The Network FILES BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, REMEMBER?
YEH... I REMEMBER
798

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IT'S A BACKWATER HERE... A HUNDRED YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES... STRANGERS LIKE US STAYING IN THE VILLAGE WILL STAND OUT LIKE A COUPLE OF MARTIANS
IT'D CERT'NY MAKE SCHUYLER THINK... WE'LL 'AVE TO FIND A HIDE-OUT SOMEWHERS, PRINCESS
D'YOU RECKON 'E'S HOLDING TARRANT IN THAT CASTLE?
YES... AND A PARTY OF GUESTS, GATHERING FOR A HUNT BY THE LOOK OF IT
799

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GRAF VON SCHUYLER'S GUESTS ASSEMBLE FOR A HUNTING-PARTY
YES, THAT'S SCHUYLER... WELL-STOCKED WITH RICH GUESTS AS USUAL
I'LL RUN A COUPLE OF ORGIES AND GET SOME NICE BLACKMAIL MATERIAL ON 'EM
WILLIE! THAT ROCK ON THE SLOPE TO THE LEFT—THERE'S A MAN SIGHTING A RIFLE!
800

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THROUGH POWERFUL GLASSES, MODESTY AND WILLIE SEE THE MAN TAKE CAREFUL AIM... AND FIRE
UH!
GRAF VON SCHUYLER!
BLIMEY! HE TOOK A POT AT SCHUYLER!
MISSED, THOUGH... NOW HE'S RUNNING... I'VE LOST 'IM IN THE TREES
801

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE SHOT CAME FROM OVER THERE!
ARE YOU— ARE YOU HURT, GRAF VON SCHUYLER?
NO... GIVE ME MY HAT, OTTO
TODAY I OFFER YOU THE GREATEST OF SPORTS, MY FRIENDS! A MAN-HUNT!
AH... THEY'RE TAKING THE DOGS TO THAT ROCK TO PICK UP THE BLOKE'S SCENT, PRINCESS!
HE WAS HEADING FOR THE ROAD — LET'S GO, WILLIE
802

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE BOAR-HOUNDS ARE LOOSED...

WE CROSS BY THE BRIDGE LOWER DOWN! THIS RIVER-BOTTOM IS TREACHEROUS AND I WANT NO LEGS BROKEN!

HALF-A-MILE AHEAD, A FRIGHTENED MAN RUNS PANTING THROUGH THE THICK FORES'T...

803

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

ON A NARROW ROAD WHICH CUTS THROUGH THE FOREST...

THERE 'E IS, PRINCESS!

ONLY USE YOUR KNIVES IF YOU HAVE TO— WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE TRADEMARKS

AS THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT...

KOMMEN SIE SCHNELL!

804

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE HUNTED MAN SCRAMBLES INTO THE CAR... AND WILLIE PLIES THE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER

ALL RIGHT, WILLIE BACK OFF

NICE LITTLE DOGGIES— ONLY WANT TO RIP ME APART. . I'LL GET DRUMMED OUT OF THE KENNEL CLUB FOR THIS

OKAY, PRINCESS— STEP ON THE LOUD PEDAL

805

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE CAR PURRS SWIFTLY AWAY

I AM CALLED WALDEMAR... I GIVE MUCH THANKS FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE

THAT'S MORE'N VON SCHUYLER WOULD GIVE *YOU*, I RECKON... WE SAW YOU TRY TO SHOOT 'IM JUST NOW

THESE SIGHTS MUST BE THROWING A BIT HIGH— YOU ONLY KNOCKED 'IS HAT OFF... I'LL CHECK 'EM FOR YOU IF I GET THE CHANCE

806

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
VON SCHUYLER AND HIS HUNTING PARTY REACH THE ROAD
WHAT?
THE DOGS BROUGHT HIM TO BAY HERE, GRAF VON SCHUYLER— BUT HE HAS ESCAPED!
THERE IS SOME LIQUID ON THEM. A WHITE FOAM —THE ASSASSIN HAS PLAYED SOME WICKED TRICK!
TWO MILES AWAY, MODESTY TURNS OFF THE ROAD
WILL SCHUYLER KNOW OR GUESS IT WAS YOU WHO SHOT AT HIM, WALDEMAR?
NO, MY LADY ...I WAS NOT SEEN, AND MANY IN STORGEN WISH HIM DEAD— WITH GOOD REASON
807

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WALDEMAR TELLS HIS STORY...
GRAF VON SCHUYLER OWNS THE LAND, THE FARMS, THE VILLAGE... EVEN THE PEOPLE... AND HE'S AN EVIL MASTER
YES— WE KNOW SOMETHING OF HIM
HE... HE TOOK MY DAUGHTER AND BROUGHT HER TO SHAME... MY ONLY SORROW IS THAT I FAILED TO KILL THE PIG!
WE HAVE COME TO SAVE A FRIEND OF OURS, HELD BY VON SCHUYLER IN CASTLE STORGEN... AND WE NEED A PLACE TO BE HIDDEN, WALDEMAR
AHH... I GIVE THANKS TO HEAVEN THAT I CAN SERVE YOU IN THIS SMALL WAY, MY LADY!
809

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I AM A TENANT— FARMER OF GRAF VON SCHUYLER'S... YOU CAN EASILY STAY HIDDEN IN MY FARM-HOUSE!
WE'LL GET NOWHERE JUST SNOOPIN' AROUND AT NIGHT, PRINCESS
...THAT CASTLE'S GOING TO 'AVE FORT KNOX SECURITY IF I KNOW SCHUYLER
YES— WE'LL NEED FREEDOM TO MOVE AROUND BY DAY, WILLIE... AND TO CON OUR WAY IN RATHER THAN BREAK IN
CAN WE BE RELATIVES OF YOURS, WALDEMAR, VISITING YOU FROM THE TYROL, PERHAPS?
YES, MY LADY!
809

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A SMALL FARM ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF STORGEN
YOUR CAR WILL BE SAFE-HIDDEN HERE!
IT IS FATHER! HE HAS RETURNED WITH TWO STRANGERS—
—IN A FINE CAR!
GOD BE THANKED! I WAS IN DREAD THAT HE HAD MADE UP HIS MIND TO KILL GRAF VON SCHUYLER!
WALDEMAR!
GREET OUR GUESTS, LISE— TODAY THEY SAVED ME FROM VON SCHUYLER'S BOAR-HOUNDS
810

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
...AND THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER, TRUDI... I HAVE TOLD YOU HOW THAT SWINE VON SCHUYLER USED HER
I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE, FRAULEIN... IN THIS VILLAGE THE WOMEN MUST YIELD OR THE FAMILY WILL LOSE THEIR FARM.
OH FATHER, YOU WERE MAD TO TRY TO KILL HIM!
NO... ONLY UNLUCKY TO FAIL, TRUDI — AND VON SCHUYLER CAN BE LEFT TO US NOW
811

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
EVENING, IN CASTLE STORGEN...
WILL YOU DISCOVER THE MAN WHO SHOT AT YOU THIS MORNING, VON SCHUYLER?
NO..
THESE PEASANTS OF MINE CLING TOGETHER LIKE DUMB SHEEP... BUT I WILL TREAD ALL THE HARDER ON THEIR NECKS FOR THIS
WHEN DO WE DEAL WITH THIS MATTER FOR WHICH OUR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES SENT US HERE?
SOON, SZIGETI— ONE MORE GUEST WILL ARRIVE TOMORROW, AND THEN I WILL PUT TARRANT UP FOR AUCTION
812

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BEDROOM IN THE FARMHOUSE...
I'LL HAVE TO ALTER MY HAIR... CAN YOU FIND CLOTHES FOR WILLIE AS WELL, I SEE?
MY DAUGHTER HAS BORROWED SOME FROM A FRIEND
HOW'S THIS FOR A FRONTISPIECE FROM 'ANS ANDERSEN?
OH... WILLIE!
YOU MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIM, FRAULEIN! HE LOOKS BEAUTIFUL IN THESE CLOTHES!
THEY SORT OF BRING OUT HIS INNER RADIANCE, I RECKON
813

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HALF-AN-HOUR LATER
SO! NOW YOU ARE MARLA AND WILHELM, OUR NIECE AND NEPHEW FROM THE TYROL, WHO HAVE COME TO STAY WITH US!
WILL THE VILLAGERS ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT US?
THEY WILL KNOW YOU ARE NOT IN TRUTH OUR KIN... BUT THEY WILL SAY NOTHING, EVEN AMONG THEMSELVES
HERE IN STORGEN, WHERE VON SCHUYLER HOLDS OUR LIVING IN HIS HANDS, WE HAVE LEARNED TO KEEP EACH OTHER'S SECRETS... YOU WILL SEE
814

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

CAN YOU TAKE US CLOSE TO THE CASTLE TOMORROW, WALDEMAR?
YES, MY LADY ...AROUND THE WALLS AND RIGHT TO THE DOORS...
TOMORROW I HAVE TO SEE VON SCHUYLER'S BAILIFF THERE, TO REPORT ON MY CROPS
GOOD...
IF THAT PIG VON SCHUYLER SEES HER HE WILL WANT HER, WILLIE — SHE HAS MUCH BEAUTY
SHE HAS A LOT MORE THAN THAT, TRUDI... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING
815

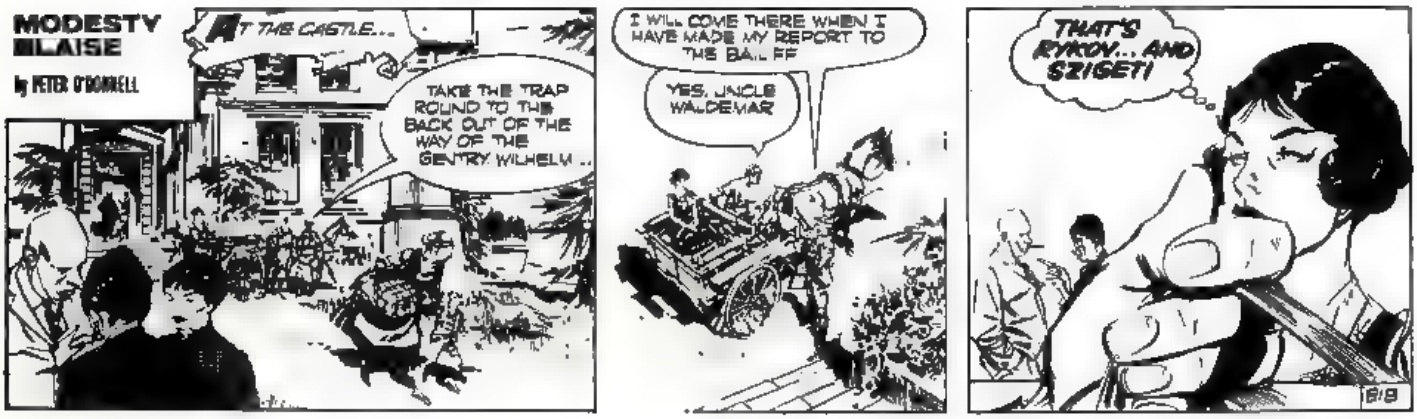
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

AS WILLIE PREPARES FOR BED IN THE FARM-HOUSE THERE IS A SOFT TAP ON HIS DOOR...
YES?
I JUST HAD TO COME AND SHOW YOU, WILLIE LOVE— LOOK AT THE NIGHTIES AND HEADGEAR THEY'VE GIVEN ME!
STREWTH! WELL AT LEAST IT'S GOT A LOT OF OLD WORLD CHARM PRINCESS...
I WAS JUST COMING TO SHOW YOU MY RIG — LOOK!
OHH... WILHELM!
816

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

AH, WALDEMAR — SO THESE ARE YOUR KINFOLK WHO ARE STAYING WITH YOU?
MORNING, IN THE VILLAGE OF STORGEN
YES... MY NIECE MARIA AND MY NEPHEW WILHELM
NOW TELL ME FELIX — IS IT TRUE THAT SOME SCOUNDREL SHOT AT OUR GRAF VON SCHUYLER?
TRUE WALDEMAR WE REJOICE THAT THE SHOT MISSED..
MANY QUESTIONS ARE BEING ASKED, BUT WE FEAR THE WRETCH WILL NEVER BE DISCOVERED.
817

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL


AT THE CASTLE...
TAKE THE TRAP ROUND TO THE BACK OUT OF THE WAY OF THE GENTRY WILHELM..
I WILL COME THERE WHEN I HAVE MADE MY REPORT TO THE BAILIFF
YES, UNCLE WALDEMAR
THAT'S RYKOV... AND SZIGETI
819

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I spotted Ferdie Kamenin and Rykov — we had their photos on the old Nethanol files, Princess
Sizgeti was there, too, and a Chinese woman I didn't recognise... Schuyler isn't running one of his playboy orgies for bisexual interest!
He's got top intelligence reps from half a dozen iron curtain countries here, Willie.
An auction — they're looking for Tarrant
819

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WALDEMAR COMPLETES HIS BUSINESS IN THE CASTLE
Looks a bit upset Princess
Graf Von Schuyler has ordered an entertainment for his guests this evening... the village must send a dozen girls to show our traditional folk-dancing
Ah... you're in, Princess!
No, no! You do not understand! If any of the guests take a fancy to one of the girls, then—
It's all right Waldemar... we understand
820

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU HAVE GIVEN ORDERS FOR THE FOLK-DANCING, CARL?
YES, GRAF VON SCHUYLER — WILL YOU REQUIRE HIDDEN CAMERAS IN THE BEDROOMS AND THE OTHER USUAL ARRANGEMENTS?
YOU ARE A FOOL, CARL — CAN YOU NOT DISTINGUISH BETWEEN MY PRESENT GUESTS AND THOSE I INVITE FOR OTHER PURPOSES?...
...SZ'GETI, PERHAPS WILL BE INTERESTED IN A GIRL, BUT IF SO, WE SHALL MERELY ACCOMMODATE HIM
821

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

RECKON ANY OF THAT LOT IN THE CASTLE MIGHT RECOGNISE YOU PRINCESS?
NOT LIKE THIS — THEY MIGHT HAVE MY PICTURE ON FILE BUT I'VE NEVER DEALT WITH ANY OF THEM IN PERSON
PLEASE... TELL ME WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO
GRAF VON SCHUYLER IS VERY DANGEROUS!
THE LESS YOU KNOW, THE BETTER, TRUDI — ALL WE NEED IS FOR YOU TO SPEND AN HOUR OR SO THIS AFTERNOON, TEACHING ME YOUR FOLK-DANCES
822

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MY COUSIN MARIA WISHES TO GO WITH OUR FOLK-DANCERS TO THE CASTLE TONIGHT SO WE MUST TEACH HER
TRUDI SHOULD WARN HER WHAT MAY HAPPEN
SHE HAS DONE SO —PERHAPS THIS GIRL MARIA WISHES SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!
THEY GOT SOME LOVELY GIRLS ERE, PRINCESS— I WOULDN'T MIND BEING IN THE FOLK-DANCING TEAM MESELF
823

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
LATE EVENING, IN THE FARM-HOUSE
OH! I'M SORRY, WILLIE— I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN THE BARN SEEING TO THE CAR. SO I CAME TO TIDY YOUR ROOM
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, TRUDI, JUST LEAVE IT—
WHAT ARE THOSE KNIVES? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
I'M GOIN' BIRD-WATCHING, AND THE KNIVES ARE IN CASE I GET EXCITED AND BREAK THE POINT OF ME PENCIL WHILE I'M TAKING NOTES — NOW RUN ALONG, TRUDI, THERE'S A GOOD GIRL
824

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
RECKON THE PRINCESS OUGHT TO BE CATCH N' SZIGETI'S EYE ABOUT NOW—HE'S THE REAL WOMANISER OF THAT LOT
IN CASTLE STORGEN, THE DEMONSTRATION OF FOLK-DANCING HAS BEGUN . . .
YOU SEEM MUCH INTRIGUED BY OUR QUAINT TRADITIONAL DANCES, SZIGET!
I AM FASCINATED ...BUT NOT ENTIRELY BY THE DANCING
825

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
DO YOU FIND THIS CULTURALLY INTERESTING, MADAME CHEI?
HISTORICALLY INTERESTING...
...BUT CULTURALLY VALUELESS— IN MY COUNTRY THE WORKERS SPEND THEIR LEISURE ABSORBING POLITICAL WISDOM
SZIGET! S INTERESTED IN THAT DARK GIRL, CARL— WHO IS SHE?
A VISITOR GRAF VON SCHUYLER— A NIECE OF WALDEMAR PEROVIC

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MOST AMUSING, VON SCHUYLER... BUT WE ARE HERE FOR BUSINESS RATHER THAN PLEASURE
IN CASTLE STORSEN, THE FOLK-DANCING ENDS...
YES... ALL INTERESTED PARTIES ARE PRESENT NOW. SO WHEN DO WE TALK?
TOMORROW, MADAME CHEI — THAT IS WHEN I SHALL OPEN THE AUCTION
YOU, GIRL — MARIA, ISN'T IT? COME WITH ME. YOU ARE TO STAY HERE UNTIL MORNING
OH!
GOOD... I'VE HOOKED SZIGETI
827
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY WAITS IN SZIGETI'S ROOM. AND CHECKS THE ALARMS...
EASY ENOUGH TO BRIDGE THE CONTACT-BREAKER FROM INSIDE...
WINDOW LOOKS OUT FROM THE BACK OF THE CASTLE... ALL THE BETTER FOR WILLIE ...THEY HAVE FLOODLIGHTS ON PART OF THE FRONT
BETTER PLAY SZIGETI ALONG FOR A WHILE TO START WITH.. HE MIGHT HAVE SOMEONE FOLLOWING UP WITH A BOTTLE OF WINE TO HELP THE OCCASION
828
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IT IS LATE WHEN SZIGETI COMES TO HIS ROOM
THE GIRL MARIA IS HERE—
OH...!
THE BATHROOM I THINK, CARL
I-I WAS HOT FROM THE DANCING, SIR, AND I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WISH ME TO TAKE A BATH
ADMIRABLY FEMININE! CONTINUE, MARIA
IT SEEMS SHE IS A VERY WILLING COMPANION... YOU MAY GO NOW, CARL. THERE IS NOTHING I SHALL NEED
YOU WILL NOT BE DISTURBED
829
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SZIGETI LOCKS THE DOOR...
WELL, MARIA ... I FIND IT VERY PLEASING THAT YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF AT HOME
AH, SO YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR BATH? BUT YOU SHOULD ALWAYS DRY YOURSELF VIGOROUSLY, MARIA — IT IS GOOD FOR THE SKIN...
LET ME—
UHH...
THE KOMBO STRIKES HOME ON A NERVE-CENTRE
830

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY HAULS THE UNCONSCIOUS SZISETI INTO THE BEDROOM...
...AND OPENS THE LITTLE BAG HIDDEN IN HER SKIRTS...
FLEX, BATTERY AND OSCILLATOR... WIRE-CUTTERS... ANAESTHETIC NO9 - PLUS9
KEEP HIM QUIET WITH THESE WHILE I GET EVERYTHING SET UP FOR WILLIE...
851

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TWO A.M. — AND WILLIE GARVIN LIES PATIENTLY WATCHING THE REAR COURTYARD OF CASTLE STORGEN...
ONE BLOKE PROWLING, NO DOGS LOOSE... FAIR ENOUGH...
BEEN ON SHIFT TWO HOURS SO 'E OUGHT TO BE DUE FOR RELIEF SOON...
AH, MOVING OFF NOW...
BETTER GET READY FOR THE BLOKE COMING ON... SET UP A LITTLE BAIT FOR 'IM
852

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE NEW GUARD STROLLS ON HIS BEAT ROUND THE CASTLE...
SOME FOOL HAS LEFT THE SIDELIGHTS OF A CAR SWITCHED ON...
STORTZ PATROLS FOR TWO HOURS AND DOES NOT EVEN NOTICE!
WILLIE STRIKES ACCURATELY WITH THE HILT OF HIS KNIFE
853.

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, MATEY, 'AVING A NICE LONG SLEEP TILL MORNING .. WHAT ABOUT THE WORKERS?
WILLIE INSERTS THE PLUG OF A TRANSISTOR RECEIVER IN HIS EAR
STILL, IT'S NICE AN' COMFY 'ERE WHILE I WAIT FOR THE PRINCESS TO COME THROUGH
IN SZISETI'S BEDROOM, MODESTY HAS BRIDGED THE ALARM AND OPENED THE WINDOW
IT'S PAST TWO... WILLIE SHOULD BE LISTENING OUT BY NOW
854

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY FEEDS OUT THE FINE FLEX FROM THE REEL, LOWERING THE OSCILLATOR ON THE END TO GROUND LEVEL
NICE IDEA, WILLIE... SAFER THAN SHOWING A LIGHT
IN THE CAR, WILLIE HEARS THE BLEEP OF THE OSCILLATOR
BLIMEY, IT'S STRONG! MUST BE PRETTY CLOSE... THIS SIDE OF THE CASTLE, ANYWAY
835

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE BLEEP OF THE OSCILLATOR GROWS STRONGER AS WILLIE MOVES ALONG THE CASTLE WALL
'ERE WE ARE, THEN... JUST UNPLUG THE BLEEPER AND TIE THE ROPE ON THE FLEX
IN THE ROOM HIGH ABOVE, MODESTY FEELS THREE DISTINCT TUGS ON THE FLEX WOUND ROUND HER HAND
THE RELIABLE MR. GARVIN...
836

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
CAREFULLY MODESTY HAULS IN THE FLEX, THEN MAKES FAST THE ROPE ATTACHED TO THE END OF IT
UHH...
MAKE A SOUND, SZIGETI, AND I'LL SIGN YOU OFF FOR GOOD! IF YOU'RE NOT SURE WHETHER I'M BLUFFING, THE NAME'S MODESTY BLAISE...
WILLIE GARVIN CLIMBS THE CASTLE WALL
837

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE GARVIN REACHES THE WINDOW
'MORNING, PRINCESS
HALLO, WILLIE ... COME AND GIVE SZIGETI A SHOT BEFORE HE'S TEMPTED TO YELL AND GETS HIMSELF KILLED
SURE—YOU'LL FIND ALL YOUR GEAR IN THE PACK PRINCESS
838

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

WHILE MODESTY CHANGES...
WHAT IS THAT STUFF?
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING—
IT'S BETTER THAN THE STUFF YOU'D BE SHOOTING INTO TARRANT IF YOU GOT 'IM UNDER INTERROGATION
SZIGETI SLUMPS
ANY LEAD ON WHERE WE FIND TARRANT PRINCESS?
NO... UP HIGH OR DOWN LOW I GUESS, BUT THERE ARE FOUR TOWERS AND ALL THE CELLARS... THAT'S A LOT TO SEARCH WILLIE
839

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

IF TARRANT WAS IN ONE OF THE TOWERS I RECKON THE WINDOWS WOULD BE BOARDED UP
AND THEY WEREN'T— WE CHECKED THAT YESTERDAY...
I'D SAY THEY'RE HOLDING HIM BELOW GROUND SOMEWHERE WILLIE— LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYONE ON DUTY IN THE KITCHEN WHO CAN TELL US
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
Asleep
Let me have a go, Princess —best time to bluff a bloke is when he's waking up sudden
840

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE KITCHEN HAND IS BRUSQUELY WOKEN...
YOU SLEEPING DOLT! WHERE IS THE MEAL YOU WERE TO PREPARE FOR THE PRISONER BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE?
UH?.. I-I HAD NO ORDERS PLEASE, WHO ARE YOU?
I AM GRAF VON SCHUYLER'S SPECIAL ASSISTANT— I SHALL REPORT THIS! WHERE IS THE PRISONER NOW?
WHERE? IN HIS CELL AT THE END OF THE EASTERN CELLAR. SURELY
ALL RIGHT WILLIE— GIVE HIM A SHOT FROM THE HYPO
841

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE THROUGH THE CELLARS
SEE IF THAT GRILLE OPENS, WILLIE— WE WANT TO GET OUR LINE OF RETREAT FIXED
DOESN'T OPEN, BUT THE MORTAR'S CRUMBLED ENOUGH SO I CAN RIP IT OUT WHEN YOU WANT— I BEEN EATING UP ME CEREALS LATELY
ALL RIGHT... WE'LL GET HOLD OF TARRANT FIRST AND THEN YOU CAN DO YOUR SAMSON BIT
WHY D'YOU BRING THAT DRESSING-GOWN OF SZIGETI'S PRINCESS?
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT—
WE'RE THERE WILLIE— THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD
842

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

A TOUGH— ONE OF SCHUYLER'S STRONGARM MEN
ONE GUARD... AND WIDE AWAKE
MODESTY SLIPS THE LONG DRESSING GOWN ON. AND...
HALLO-O-O... ARE YOU THE ONE THAT ALL THE GIRLS WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?
WELL NOW...! I AM ONE THE GIRLS HAVE GOOD CAUSE TO TALK ABOUT! YOU MUST BE OTTO'S NEW KITCHEN WENCH EH?
843

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

SO THE OTHER GIRLS RECOMMEND ME HEH? I AM NOT SURPRISED! BUT IF GRAF VON SCHUYLER KNEW YOU HAD SOUGHT ME HERE—
A MAN LIKE YOU DOES NOT FEAR THE GRAF
PERHAPS NOT...
CHILL HIM, WILLIE
MY PLEASURE
UUH!
844

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR
'TS TARRANT... WE'VE FOUND HIM
NO BLANKET, AND IT'S PER SHING COLD DOWN 'ERE— SCHUYLER WANTS 'IM SOFTENED UP
THAT'S NO WAY TO SAY HALLO TO AN OLD FRIEND, SIR GERALD
MODESTY! MY GOD...
845

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

TARRANT SASS WITH WEAKNESS...
THEY'VE BEEN STARVING HIM
'ERE YOU ARE, SIR GERALD, FRUIT-AND-NUT CHOCOLATE AN' SOME GLUCOSE TABLETS —YOU GET THAT LOT DOWN THE OLD PUDDING CHUTE
RIGHT, PRINCESS...
I'LL SEE TO IT, WILLIE —YOU GIVE THAT TOUGH A SHOT TO KEEP HIM QUIET
I... DO APOLOGISE FOR BEING IN SUCH AN UNSAVOURY CONDITION, MY DEAR...
WE WEREN'T EXPECTING ANYTHING FORMAL
846

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COME ALONG, FINISH UP THE GLUCOSE
I COULDN'T LET MYSELF HOPE.. I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU WOULD FIND OUT THAT I'D BEEN TAKEN
THANK FRASER FOR THAT —HE KNEW IT MUST BE A FRAME-UP AND HE CAME STRAIGHT TO US
AH. SO JACK FRASER PUT HIS HEAD ON THE BLOCK FOR ME.. I SHOULD HAVE COUNTED ON THAT
ARE YOU FIT TO MAKE A START NOW?
I THINK SO.. BUT I WON'T BE MUCH USE... IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS ON ACTIVE WORK
WE'LL SEE TO THAT BIT, SIR G.
847

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE GARVIN WRENCHES THE GRILLE FROM THE CRUMBLING MORTAR THAT HOLDS IT
Not much farther now, Sir Gerald... we're going to take one of the cars
Trouble, Princess...
848

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
KROZER RELIEVED ME HERE AN HOUR AGO
THEN WHERE IS HE NOW?
Guard commander must've checked 'is posts and missed the bloke I put to sleep - now 'e's turned 'em ALL out
You wait here, Sir Gerald We won't be long
849

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
We'll play this one with a softball, Willie—those guards are locals, not killers
Right...make it a steamroller
PERHAPS THAT FOOL KROZER IS TAKING A NAP— BUT IF HE DOES NOT APPEAR IN FIVE MINUTES I WILL INFORM GRAF VON SCHUYLER!
850

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE DESCEND UPON THE GROUP OF GUARDS LIKE AN AVALANCHE
GOOD GOD..
A JET OF TEARGAS SPURTS FROM MODESTY'S ... SS'CK
851

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE KENNELS OF CASTLE STORGEN A MASTIFF BAYS, AND OTHERS TAKE UP THE CRY
STREWTH, WE'VE WOKEN THE DUNDS!
NO POINT IN PUSHING A CAR CLEAR OF THE CASTLE NOW— GET ONE OF THEM STARTED WILLIE I'LL FETCH SIR GERALD
THE STARTER WHIRRS STEADILY... BUT THE ENGINE REMAINS DEAD
852

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS THE HOUNDS BAY FIERCELY, LIGHTS BEGIN TO APPEAR IN THE CASTLE WINDOWS
WHAT'S WRONG WILLIE?
SHE WON'T FIRE
NO DISTRIBUTOR-ARM— THIS WAGON'S IMMOBILISED, AND IT'LL BE THE SAME WITH THE OTHERS, PRINCESS
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO MANAGE WITHOUT
SRAFVON SCHUYLER OPENS A WINDOW, AND AT ONCE ALARMS SOUND THROUGHOUT THE CASTLE
853

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE WHOLE CASTLE'S AWAKE ... YOU AND WILLIE MUST LEAVE ME NOW MY DEAR.. BUT THANK YOU FOR TRYING
HOW FAR TO OUR OWN CAR WILLIE?
TEN MINUTES ACROSS COUNTRY AND FAIRLY ROUGH GOING, PRINCESS
TAKE SIR GERALD— CARRY HIM IF HE CAN'T MAKE IT
I'LL RIDE DRAG, AND COVER YOU AS WE GO
PLEASE...
SAVE IT, SIR G.
854

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WELL IT'S A GOOD IDEA, SIR G.—
IT'S NO GOOD, WILL E... I'M SO DAMN WEAK... YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE ME
—BUT I MADE A BET WITH FRASER, AND I GOT TEN BOB RIDING ON THIS... SO COME ON, LPSADAISY
ERE, DID I EVER TE.L YO... 'BOUT A GIRL I USED TO KNOW... IN MARSE LES -WHO WAS A CHAMPION WEIGHT- LFTER?
855

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

...A WOMAN, GRAF VON SCHUYLER... A DEMON IN BLACK! AND A BIG FAIR MAN...
BLAISE.. AND GARVIN
SZIGETI IS DRUGGED, SO IS THE MAN GUARDING TARRANT'S CELL... AND TARRANT HAS GONE
WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
IT SEEMS THAT MODESTY BLAISE WAS AMONG THE GIRLS WHO DANCED FOR US LAST NIGHT!
I HAVE BROUGHT THE WOMAN'S CLOTHES FROM SZIGETI'S ROOM, GRAF VON SCHUYLER
LET MY HOUNDS TAKE THE SCENT!
856

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

RYKOV! MADAME CHE! THERE ARE HORSES FOR YOU — ALL OF YOU.
THIS IS YOUR OWN AFFAIR, VON SCHUYLER...
I WOULD AS SOON RIDE A TIGER AS TACKLE BLAISE AND GARVIN IN WOODED COUNTRY AT NIGHT
I WOULD PREFER IT..
THEN I WILL USE MY OWN MEN TO BRING TARRANT BACK — AND THE PRICE FOR HIM WILL BE THAT MUCH HIGHER!
857

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE HUNT MOVES OUT FROM CASTLE STORSEN
NEARLY THERE NOW, SIR G.
THEY'VE GOT CARS MOVING OUT TO COVER THE ROADS WILL E — I SAW THE HEADLIGHTS
WE COULD COPE WITH CARS OR DOGS BUT I DON'T FANCY BOTH AT ONCE, PRINCESS
WE'LL SPLIT UP — I'LL LEAD THE HOUNDS AWAY WHILE YOU GET SIR GERALD CLEAR IN THE CAR

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I'LL SEE YOU AT WALDEMAR'S FARM—USE THE CROSS-TRACKS AS MUCH AS YOU CAN, AND DON'T PUT YOUR LIGHTS ON, WILLIE
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME—IF IT COMES TO A FIGHT I'LL BE NOTHING BUT A PASSENGER, MODESTY
NOT WITH THIS IN YOUR HAND, SIR GERALD—IT'S A GREAT EQUALISER
I CAN'T TAKE YOUR GUN! NOT WITH THOSE HOUNDS COMING AFTER YOU!
FOXES DON'T CARRY GUNS EITHER, AND THEY MANAGE—GET GOING, WILLIE LOVE
859

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

UNARMED NOW, MODESTY HEADS FOR THE RIVER
HEAD UPSTREAM... SLOWER GOING AGAINST THE CURRENT, BUT THEY'LL START CASTING FOR THE SCENT DOWNSTREAM
THE TRAIL IS LEADING TO THE RIVER, GRAF VON SCHUYLER!
GOOD! TARRANT CAN BARELY WALK—HE WILL NOT STAND THAT ICY WATER FOR LONG!
860

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE GARVIN EASES THE CAR STEADILY ALONG A ROUGH TRACK
DAMN YOU, WILLIE! AREN'T YOU WORRIED SICK ABOUT MODESTY WITH THAT PACK OF MASTIFFS AFTER HER?
NO... IF I WORRY ABOUT HER BIT I MIGHT MAKE A MESS OF ME OWN BIT—AN' THEN SHE'LL GIVE ME A RIGHT ROASTING!
A MILE AWAY, MODESTY EMERGES FROM THE ICY RIVER TWO HUNDRED YARDS UPSTREAM FROM WHERE SHE ENTERED IT
AHH... COLD... FORGET IT... KEEP MOVING
861

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THEY MAY NOT HAVE CROSSED, GRAF VON SCHUYLER—ONLY MOVED DOWN-RIVER TO DOUBLE BACK!
CHECK FOR SCENT AS FAR DOWN AS THE BRIDGE... I WILL RIDE UP-RIVER
BUT... WITH A SICK MAN, WOULD THEY FIGHT AGAINST THE CURRENT—?
THEY MIGHT! BECAUSE THEY KNOW YOU DON'T EXPECT THEM TO, FOOL!
862

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE MOON BREAKS THROUGH CLOUD, AND A MOVEMENT CATCHES SCHUYLER'S EYE
AHH...!
BLAISE... BUT ALONE! AND WITHOUT HER GUN...
THEY'VE SPLIT UP!
A MILE AWAY, WILLIE GARVIN TURNS ON TO A NARROW ROAD—AND STOPS DEAD
NOW THERE'S A THING... WE'VE GOT A CARLOAD OF 'EM COMING, SIR G.
863

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

I'LL GIVE YOU THE SADLIGHTS WHEN YOU'RE READY— THEN YOU POP THEIR FRONT TYRES FOR ME WITH A COUPLE OF QUICK SHOTS, SIR G.
I HAPPEN NOT TO BE MODESTY BLAISE!
WELL, ONE'LL DO— IT'LL SAVE THE DRIVER GETTING A HOLE THROUGH 'IS GULLET... THE PRINCESS GETS STROPPY IF I PLAY ROUGHER THAN NEED BE
A WORRYING THOUGHT, INDEED...
LIGHTS PLEASE WILLIE!
MODESTY'S COLT .32 JERKS IN TARRANT'S HAND AS HE FIRES

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

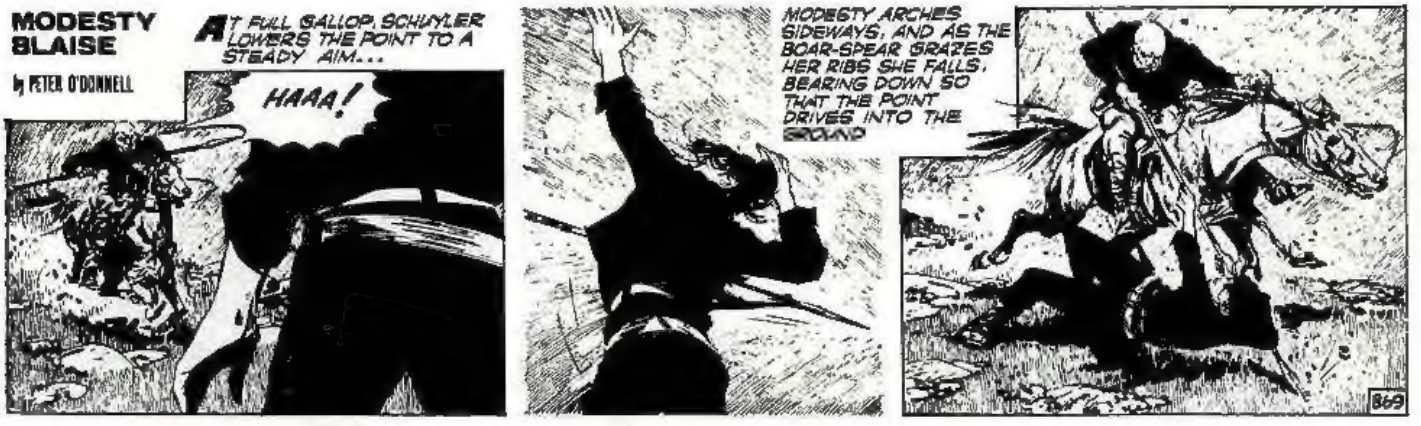
TARRANT'S SECOND SHOT FINDS A TYRE, AND THE CAR PLOUGHS OFF THE ROAD...
THAT'LL DO LOVELY, SIR G.— YOU'RE A PROPER LITTLE ANNIE OAKLEY! 'ERE WE GO...
SHOTS... AND THAT'S MY COLT... WILLIE AND TARRANT MUST HAVE HIT TROUBLE—
ON A LONG GRASSY SLOPE BELOW THE FOREST
BLAISE!
865

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

SO YOU GAVE YOUR GUN TO THE OTHER 3, BLAISE...?
IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THEM IN THE END... BUT IT GIVES ME AN ALTERNATIVE TO SHOOTING YOU...
RUN, YOU HELL-CAT! RUN! OR I'LL SPIT YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
866

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
RUN, WOMAN! I'VE LITTLE TASTE FOR A STANDING QUARRY!
WANTS TO SPIT ME ON HIS BOAR-SPEAR...
THERE'S A BANK WITH A STEEP DROP AT THE FOOT OF THE SLOPE ...TOO DEEP FOR A HORSE TO JUMP... IF I CAN REACH THAT...
AH...!
867

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SCHUYLER WAITS TILL MODESTY IS WELL DOWN THE SLOPE, THEN SPURS HIS HORSE IN PURSUIT...
CAN'T REACH THE BANK IN TIME— NOT BY A LONG WAY...
MODESTY BLAISE STOPS RUNNING, AND TURNS...
868


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT FULL GALLOP, SCHUYLER LOWERS THE POINT TO A STEADY AIM...
HAAA!
MODESTY ARCHES SIDEWAYS, AND AS THE BOAR-SPEAR GRAZES HER RIBS SHE FALLS, BEARING DOWN SO THAT THE POINT DRIVES INTO THE GROUND
869

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS THE HORSE JUMPS, SCHUYLER IS HOISTED FROM THE SADDLE BY THE LEVERAGE OF THE BOAR-SPEAR DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND...
A FLYING HOOF DRIVES THE BREATH FROM MODESTY... AND THEN COMES AN UGLY SOUND AS SCHUYLER'S HEAVY BODY HITS ROCK
870

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN WALDEMAR'S FARM-HOUSE...
WE'LL LEAVE AT DAWN, HIDDEN IN WALDEMAR'S 'AY-WAIN — BE CLEAR OF SCHUYLER'S TERRITORY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS
WHAT ABOUT MODESTY?
SHE SAID TO GET YOU OUT SAFE — WHEN I'VE DONE THAT I'LL COME BACK IF NEED BE! WILL YOU STOP ASKING THE SAME BLOODY QUESTION?
DON'T GET EDGY, WILLIE LOVE — I'M HERE
THE DOOR OPENS...
871

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SCHUYLER TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN WITH HIS BOAR-SPEAR... BUT HE'S SIGNED OFF NOW WITH A BROKEN NECK
GOOD... WE'LL GET A CLEAR RUN WITH 'IM OUT OF THE WAY
A WEEK LATER, IN LONDON
DON'T BE DAMN SILLY, FRASER!
IT'S A MISS BLAISE AND A MR. GARVIN — DO YOU FEEL UP TO SEEING THEM, SIR GERALD?
YES, SIR GERALD WOULD BE DELIGHTED — HE SEEMS TO BE QUITE HIS OLD SELF AGAIN
872

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY, MY DEAR... IS THAT CUT ON YOUR SIDE HEALED?
YES, PERFECTLY — IT WASN'T MUCH
I LOVE VISITING PEOPLE IN 'OSPITAL — IT GIVES YOU A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE
WHERE'S THE GRAPES, SIR G?
NOW, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT A GIRL I USED TO KNOW IN RIO...?